Volume LXIII CHICAGO, JULY 22, 1909 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Thanksgiving.

For morning sun and evening dew,
For every bud that April knew,
For storm and silence, gloom and light,
And for the solemn stars at night;
For fallow field and burdened byre,
For roof-tree and the hearth-side fire;
For everything that shines and sings,
For dear, familiar daily things—
The friendly trees, and in the sky
The white cloud-squadrons sailing by;
For Hope that waits, for Faith that dares,
For patience that still smiles and bears,
For Love that fails not, nor withstands;
For healing touch of children's hands,
For happy labor, high intent,
For all life's blessed sacrament,
O Comrade of our nights and days,
Thou givest all things, take our praise!

—*Arthur Ketchum.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 323
Vacation Readings 324

THE PULPIT—
Some Memories of Edward Everett Hale.—Rev. Charles E. Perkins 325
An Association for Neighborliness 329
Born Deaf, Dumb, and Blind.—*Edith M. Thomas* 330

THE FIELD—
The Safe and Sanitary $1,000 House—*The World's Work* 331
Now and Here—*Woman's Journal* 331

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

FOUNDED IN 1846

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF HONEST MANAGEMENT

Samuel T. Chase, Ill. Gen. Agent. Monadnock, Blk. Chicago

SCHUMANN AND COMPANY
Dyeing and Cleaning
OF
Suits, Silks, Dresses, (Rugs Oriental) etc.

Many of the well known members of Abraham Lincoln Centre are our patrons. References. Calls taken on the Phone—and Delivered.

PHONE 1442 DOUGLAS 3954 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE
TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW
UNDERTAKER

Telephone Oakland 1274
659 E. Forty-Seventh St., Near Grand Boul.

DREXEL STATE BANK

Oakwood Blvd. and Cottage Grove Ave.

CAPITAL $200,000
DEPOSITS $2,500,000

3% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts---Safety Boxes For Rent

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 1269

H. ZEISS
Tailor

For Ladies and Gentlemen

SEVEN *and* NINE
EAST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

Lovely Woman's Lovely Waists

Receive special attention at this Laundry. We have the art of restoring to them the beauty of newness as no home laundry can do it

Drexel Laundry
3905-11 Langley Ave.
Phone Douglas 642

Ideal Cream
For Chapped and Rough Skin
Prepared by
WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

HAND SAPOLIO
FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every washstand.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

F. HOPE & SON

Painting and Decorating
Painters' Supplies

We are Distributers for ACME PAINTS, Varnishes, etc

3821 Cottage Grove Ave.
Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1909 NUMBER 21.

Happiness is not hidden in a vast vault or a philosophy: it is in the free air under the blue sky, in the mountains, on the prairies, by the seashore: contentment is not attained by possession or position or pursuit about the globe, it comes to those who will but fold their hands and wait.

—John C. Van Dyke.

The *Advocate of Peace* for July devotes two pages to the discussion of Edward Everett Hale's relations to the Arbitration and Peace movements in America. This touches the highest mark of Edward Everett Hale's genius. In many, one might almost say all, other directions he revealed the philanthropist, the Democrat, the minister of a great and consoling faith, but here in a practical way he appears as a prophetic statesman and a sagacious and far-seeing diplomat.

Prof. S. R. Driver, whose "Introduction to the Old Testament" has given to so many readers a new Bible because a coherent one, the man whose "higher criticism" of the Hebrew scripture has made it both valuable and intelligible to more people than any other English work on the subject, is to have his picture painted as a mark of honor. The portrait is to be conspicuously hung on some appropriate wall of Oxford, where he has been so prominent a professor for the last twenty-five years.

A far-away friend but tireless yokefellow, in a private letter says, "This is a good world to work in. If not good for much else there is plenty of work in it." What splendid commendation is this of the world we live in! It strikes its roots down into the ultimate theism; it reaches the heart of the only optimism that is valuable. What more can the farmer ask than a fertile field? What more should the mechanic desire than suitable building material, though that material be for the time being in the quarry, in the tree, in the unmixed water, gravel and possible cement in the rock? What more inspiring thing can preacher, legislator, teacher or philosopher face than a hard job looking towards high results? "A good world to work in!" What more should anyone ask for?

While Congress is humiliating itself with its tariff confusions, its timidity and subserviency to capitalistic interests, it may distinguish itself in a much finer and higher way if it promptly passes the resolution framed by Representative Bartholdt, of Missouri, and introduced in both houses, calling for the appointment of two commissions of three members each, who are to receive a salary of $7,500 per year. One of these commissions is to study the method of selecting the proposed "Permanent International Court of Arbitral Justice." The other is to consider the limitation of armaments. Both of these commissions are expected to report at the next Hague conference, which will probably be held two years hence. The United States can better bear the humiliation of its selfish and senseless tariff provisions if it can only lead in this movement of immeasurably greater moment.

This is indeed to be a Calvin year. It is interesting to note how at last this arch-theologian, this champion dogmatist of Christian history, escapes from the hands of his theological successors. The *Century Magazine* for July contains two articles, one on the human side of Calvin, the other on Calvin as a theologian, both treated by men far removed from Calvin's "five points." The *Congregationalist* for July 10 contains an eloquent glorification of John Calvin and Puritanism, by none other than Edwin D. Mead, president of the Free Religious Association and a member of the Unitarian church over which Edward Everett Hale so signally presided for many years. The culmination of Mr. Mead's argument may be found in the following extract from the very readable article:

> It was a hard and severe religion, you say? And so indeed it was. It was sadly lacking in that sweet, humanizing, upholding and redeeming conception of the fatherhood of God which Channing and Parker and Whittier restored to us, and which was with Jesus at the beginning. But if Calvinism erred on the side of severity, it was at least saved thereby from the weak conception of the *papahood* of God, by which so much of our modern gospel has tended to make us inert, indifferent, mucilaginous and childish.

The children are the center of legislative consideration in Alberta as well as in all other parts of the world that are alive to the future. The *Survey* for July 10 contains an interesting abstract of the "Children's Act" recently passed in this far-off province of the Northwest, the Attorney General for that district having consulted Judge Lindsey, of Denver, Judge Adams, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Judge Kelso, of Ontario, in the preparation of the same. As might be expected, this Northwest province is about to begin where the older and more eastern and southern communities leave off. Ample provision is made for the temporary detention of delinquent children apart from older criminals. Parks and playgrounds are provided for, and a system of inspection and supervision for

the benefit of dependent and defective children outlined. This forward step on the part of Alberta is one more indication that less and less money is to be expended in brick and mortar and more and more money expended in wise manhood and womanhood. The more *man*-agement, the less institution, here as elsewhere. When this principle shall have been more thoroughly tried out in regard to the children there will be more courage in the application of the same to adults.

"The California Weekly" is the title of an interesting, well-printed new venture in San Francisco. It is a paper with a purpose. It purposes to break into politics without being partisan or being the organ of politicians. It offers a free platform for the discussion of municipal, social, and other reforms. The character and scope of the paper will be inferred by UNITY readers when we say that our friend, William Kent, discusses in a series of articles the traction problem as it is now confronting San Francisco. We believe in the weekly newspaper. The crowding of it out by the daily has not been for the better education of the common people. The blanket-sheet daily is always in danger of confusing the mind and confounding the conscience. We appropriate for UNITY uses the following comment upon a new and prophetic venture in the institutional life of a California village, an altogether favored community. The "Tamalpais Centre" is the confessed child of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Madame A. E. Kent, in co-operation with her children, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, who for the time being are sojourning at the old Tamalpais homestead, have taken the initiative in this direction. The venture, which the student of social betterment will watch with interest, will become a worthy neighbor to the great "Muir Woods" which Mr. Kent recently secured to posterity by entrusting them to the care of the national government. UNITY'S interest in the "Tamalpais Centre" is profound, and we print entire in another column the account of the venture as found in *The California Weekly,* and append hereto the editorial comment upon the same:

"George Kennan told years ago of an exile in far Siberia who looked up with a spark of intelligence beaming from his eyes long enough to exclaim with some exultation: 'We have a new cemetery.' In his daily round of exiled doing, the setting apart of a new fence corner to be a repose for the dead was the only event that could warm his imagination enough to set his tongue loose. The narrow range of human interest off there in the unknown had stupefied him. Next to hereditary tendency, and the life of excess, more persons lose their minds from a narrow range of interests, a range that leaves seven-eighths of the brain unused, than from any other cause. People need other people. The blight of farm life, which the younger generation runs from as from a pestilence, is the loneliness of it and the narrow horizon. This spirit kept the American colonies asunder in early time and made the several states hate one another like alien lands. It required more than a century to develop a national life and spirit which, had it been developed soon enough, would have saved the horror and cost and agony of civil war. Therefore whoever undertakes to bring people together in friendliness, and for a broadened range of interest and activity, is a true benefactor. Social life is to humanity what aeration is to water; it keeps it from stagnating. The Tamalpais Centre should furnish a model for the state. It will re-create many a dead one."

Vacation Readings

Here are four books which have stimulated and rested the editorial mind. They are books to be taken while "on the horizontal," but if one falls asleep it is but to wake up stimulated with a desire to do and a purpose to accomplish.

Books that idealize country life or interpret country duties with enthusiasm are to be read with caution by those who are weary of city streets and tired of the "game" in society circles. This danger is greatly enhanced if the writer has the literary gift, for the science and the economics of the subject are often forgotten or overlaid by the charm of the writing. Over a quarter of a century ago a little book appeared entitled "The Blessed Bees." It was a study in practical husbandry. It told in a charming manner how some Michigan boys won through the University by the help of the "blessed bees." It made the bee industry so charming, so simple, so available that it lured more than one tired school ma'am or over-worked accountant into debt and disappointment, and when ultimately the authorship was divulged and it was discovered that the book was written by our friend Rev. Oscar Clute, who served the Unitarian parishes so well at Keokuk, Iowa City, and other points, he had a strenuous task to vindicate his character for truthfulness and relieve himself of the suspicion of some kind of business inflation, and helping somebody to somebody's else money under false pretenses. But the reverend gentleman knew his bees as well as his Bible. He was master of his subject and quite able to justify his statements. He had demonstrated his theory. The trouble was not with the book but with the readers. The author knew his bees and did not overestimate their value. Perhaps he did not know his readers so well, and he did over-estimate their ability to work as he under-estimated their gullibility.

The books of Bolton Hall on farming are subject to the same dangers as the "Blessed Bees" of Mr. Clute. His "Three Acres and Liberty," and "A Little Land and a Living" have already stirred with longings thousands of city-bound people. His last book, "The Garden-Yard, a Hand-Book of Intensive Farming," * is a book still more given to delightful details, and the fact that the book has been revised by agricultural experts makes it all the more dangerous to the one who does not read in three dimensions; i. e., (1) to discover the work, the painstaking care, the necessary patience; (2) to develop a willingness to

*"The Garden Yard, A Hand-Book of Intensive Farming," by Bolton Hall, with an introduction by N. O. Nelson, revised by Herbert W. Collingwood, Editor *Rural New Yorker*, and Samuel Fraser, manager *Fall Brooks Farm*, Geneseo, N. Y. David McKay, Philadelphia.

accept reasonable returns; (3) to enjoy the attractions of working out of doors, a first-hand dealing with Nature, and delightful comradeship with the things of the soil and the barn-yard.

The seven-page introduction by N. O. Nelson, brief as it is, gives a glimpse of possible co-operation among small farmers that is at once reassuring and inspiring. The farmer is the most independent and individualistic of workers, and it would seem as though the country was the last place to try co-operation schemes, and still Mr. Nelson, who has been a close student and a successful experimenter in the direction of co-operation in business for the last twenty-five years, tells us here that co-operative creameries have changed Minnesota from a declining wheat state to a rich dairy state; that it has saved the California orange grower from bankruptcy; raised Denmark's exports of butter, eggs and bacon from eighteen to eighty millions a year, and almost cut off our supply of policemen and politicians from Ireland because over a thousand co-operative associations have grown up there in twenty years.

Mr. Hall's own part of the book goes into details concerning soils, seed rotations, weeds, insects and diseases, and how to go to work.

In part II. there are detailed discussions of the various root crops, tuber crops, bulb crops, salad crops, pulse crops, etc., etc., that are valuable to the small farmer or the busy mechanic who can secure a back-yard garden.

There is something left out of the life of the men or women who do not have, deep down in their hearts, a "longing for a bit of land," and the reading of this book will intensify such wholesome longing. But let such people not forget to read the concluding chapter of *"Don'ts"* from which we pick up the following, which are as applicable to spiritual as to material husbandry:

> "Don't try it if you hate details. Don't think about buying a farm if your wife won't live in the country. Don't believe the gold-brick stories of agents. Don't chase after big farms. Don't run too much in debt when you buy a farm. Don't buy a farm unless you are able to meet the mortgages. Don't buy a farm unless you have consulted those who know."

All these *"Don'ts"* suggest pulpit applications.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Commentary" ** is not pleasant, but it is profitable reading; never more profitable than at vacation time, for he who lies in a hammock has time to think, and these short, incisive, oftentimes too fragmentary diagnoses of various phases of modern life are eminently calculated to set one a-thinking. The opening sketch gives the title to the book. It is of a one-armed man who with his red flag gives warning of the steam roller danger. In this chapter he gives his comments on the men and women whom he saves from disaster. He is right, is he not, when he says, "You want a lot of mind to think of other people." "The Lost Dog" and "Old Age" are chapter topics which challenge the sociologist and demand the attention of the capitalist. The article entitled "Fashion" is a ghastly study of a gruesome reality. No one will ever plead guilty to this kind of existence, and still every seeing eye detects the process at work on every hand. The chapter on "Money" gives a glimpse of the pitiable condition of the brain that cannot stop, even in church, from brooding over the "Tables of Commandment" which will tell him how to get his five per cent. and money back, of the man who is unhappy over the law that refuses to let him tie his money up in perpetuity. "The Mother," "The Child," "Justice," touching on the divorce question, all touch life in its under-shading, on its painful side. There are such sides, friends, and we have no right to enjoy the sunshine or even to believe in it until we have frankly studied the shadows. We commend this book to summer readers.

As a splendid tonic and virile antidote to discouragement, we come next to Dr. Grenfell's splendid revelations of the possibility of human nature in the thrilling little book, "Adrift On An Ice-Pan." *** Here is a missionary worth while, and here is an incident of an awful night and day spent on an ice-floe off the coast of Greenland that shows what splendid stuff human nature is made of, what magnificent resources there are in the human brain, and how equal to the direst extremity is the soul of man when touched by an adequate purpose and disciplined by real training. "To the Memory of Three Noble Dogs, *Moody, Watch, Spy,* Whose Lives were Given for Mine on the Ice, April 21, 1908," is the memorial tablet placed on the walls of St. Anthony's hospital in Newfoundland. No more fitting tablet was ever cast in bronze.

It's a far cry from the heroism of the lonely, physician-missionary and his dogs on the crumbling cake of ice in the Arctic zone to the simple pathos, rustic tenderness, and humorous details of Welsh peasant life so charmingly depicted by Miss Marks in her "Through Welsh Doorways." ****

What Barrie and Ian Maclaren have done for the quaint life of the rural Scotch, Miss Marks has done almost as well for the Welsh cousins. The eleven sketches will keep the reader in the hammock busy traveling from the land of smiles to the vale of tears. "A Last Disciplining" is the sketch that deserves to be mentioned along with "Rab and His Friends." We know not how to give it higher praise. It served the purpose of a fitting Vesper reading to the writer at Tower Hill last Sunday night.

We speak of these four books as "Vacation Reading," but they are good for working time as well, and will be as helpful to the toiler as to the spirit that for a time has escaped from toil.

**"A Commentary," by John Galsworthy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

***"Adrift on an Ice Pan," by Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

****"Through Welsh Doorways," by Jeannette Marks, with illustrations by Anna Whelan Betts. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

Some Memories of Edward Everett Hale

An Address Delivered in the Congregational Church, Keosauqua, Iowa, by Rev. Charles E. Perkins.

At my first meeting with Edward Everett Hale, he was in the neighborhood of sixty years of age; but his vigorous and unsparing activity were those of a man of early middle life. I was a keeper of books and accounts in the office of the Oswego Starch Factory, and was spending the two weeks of my annual vacation in Boston. It was my first visit to the city that was still the intellectual capital of the nation, and I had looked forward to it with an interest that I can hardly express. The great names of the New England coterie of authors were names of high honor with me; and the thought of treading the same streets that had been familiar to their feet or looking at the houses that had been or still were the homes of some of them, was to my mind an alluring anticipation. I should see the Old Corner Bookstore, in the back-room of which James T. Fields had received on friendly and familiar terms the best known authors of our own country and England. I should see the Parker House, famous as the meeting-place of the noted Saturday Club. I should see the home of Oliver Wendell Holmes, on Beacon Hill, and the house in which he was born, in Cambridge. And in Cambridge, too, I should see the house of Longfellow, then only a few years dead; and of Thomas Wentworth Higginson; and of Lowell, who was, if my memory serves me, at that time in Europe. And I should wander through the grounds of Harvard and look at the walls of the old red brick dormitories, in which during their years of college residence, so many of the men of light and leading of our new world had had their abode.

Another attraction of my Boston visit, long enjoyed by anticipation, was the scenes of historic interest in and about the city. Still another, and the strongest attraction of all, laid hold of my mind through my interest in Unitarianism. I doubt if that optimistic, kindly and rational type of Christianity ever had a more enthusiastic convert than I. Alone, aided only by my reading, I had made my way into Unitarianism, for I knew no Unitarians at first, nor had it ever been mine to attend Unitarian services. The faith was to me a newly discovered department of the gospel and I was very, very eager to set my feet in the city which was its stronghold; the city which had witnessed and listened to the ministrations of the saintly Channing, the philanthropic Buckminster, the brave Theodore Parker, knightly champion of every good human cause and fearless defender of all the mistreated and oppressed.

Now there was at least one man in Boston, who was, as it might be said, part and parcel of its literary, its historic and its Unitarian interests; and to that man it was my great good fortune to carry a letter of introduction. The letter was furnished me by the Rev. William Silsbee, then pastor of a Unitarian church in the lonely village of Trenton, N. Y., near the picturesque Trenton Falls. Mr. Silsbee was one of the well known Salem family of that name. He had heard Dr. Channing preach in his own pulpit in the old Federal St. Church, and was thus a sort of sacred character in my eyes. Also, he knew all the great Unitarians of Boston and New England, including Edward Everett Hale; and when he said to me, "I will give you a letter to Hale and to my Harvard classmate, Rufus Ellis," my delight was nearly boundless.

In the scores of tributes which have been paid to Dr. Hale since his death, by people who knew him intimately, emphasis has been very generally laid upon the rare friendliness of the man and his generosity in doing things at the expense of his own time and effort, for the service and pleasure of his fellows of all sorts and conditions and degrees. I can speak from personal experience of this gracious trait in his character, as will presently appear.

I called first upon Dr. Rufus Ellis and presented my letter to him. Dr. Ellis was pastor of the First Church in Boston, a scholar and man of force and ability in the pulpit. He received me courteously, read my letter, inquired about his old friend Silsbee, hoped I would find all the enjoyment in my Boston visit that I had anticipated, and said that he would be glad to do anything to contribute to that end. Dr. Ellis meant to be kind to the stranger, and he was kind; but there was a reserve about him that kept the stranger at a distance. So it was that I left Dr. Ellis' house, with my enthusiasm a little dampened, nor did I pluck up courage to call upon him again, though invited to do so. His church, though not one of the largest in Boston, was and is one of the most beautiful. It is of stone, pure Gothic, and, as I was a lover of Gothic architecture, it impressed me greatly. Upon my referring to it admiringly, Dr. Ellis left the room and returned in a few minutes with a photograph of the church, which he gave me.

Dr. Hale's home was in Roxbury; in his boyhood it was the village of Roxbury, approached by a causeway along a narrow peninsula known as Boston Neck; but years before my visit it had become a part of the city, which had grown to meet it, spreading far out as it grew, on made land on either side of Boston Neck. Getting aboard a Washington street horse-car (this was before the introduction of electricity as a motive power), a long ride brought me to the Norfolk house in Roxbury, where the cars turned, swinging around to go back downtown. A little way from the Norfolk House, in Highland street, I found Dr. Hale's number, 39, over the door of a great mansion-like house, standing well back from the street and sheltered behind much shrubbery. It was not without trepidation that I approached the front entrance and rang the bell. "Yes, Dr. Hale was at home," so the servant who answered the bell replied to my inquiry. "Did I wish to see him? Had I an appointment?"

"I had no appointment," I replied, "but I did wish to see him and I had a letter," which letter I delivered into her hands.

Leaving me in a sort of large reception room, the maid went away with my letter. And presently I heard the approach of very firm, manlike footsteps, and glanced up to meet the eyes of a man who looked just like the pictures of him that I had so often seen. Yes, Edward Everett Hale looked just like his pictures, as you have seen them in the newspapers and magazines; a thing that cannot be said of every man whose portrait gets into the public prints. But his was a head, face and features to impress their characteristics on the camera, as on the vision of the beholder. A great, noble head, with hair a little streaked with gray, parted midwise, cut straight in the back and hanging to his collar; large, liberal features, strongly marked, and as a sculptor would say, chiseled into perfect form; a full beard, and eyes that had about them, or rather in them, a combination

of qualities such as I have seen in the eyes of no other man. They were penetrating and conveyed a fine sense of the broad, quick intelligence that lay behind them. They were kindly, as though the man were, as indeed he was, interested in all things human and disposed to be every man's good friend. And then, there was a deep, far-away, half-dreamy look in them; such a look as a poet might have, or a writer of romance, or a religious mystic. Since then I have seen Dr. Hale under many different circumstances, and always there was that strangely far-seeing look in his eyes, blending with whatever special interest was reflected in them. It shows in all his portraits: in this photograph which he gave me twenty years ago; in this framed print, and in the latest picture, printed in last week's Springfield *Republican*. It was something like the look, so remarked in Lincoln's eyes, by people who met him; and which so many attempts have been made to describe; without, however, that strong hint of an under-current of pathos which was noted in the case of Lincoln.

There was something a bit old-fashioned in his dress, particularly in the collar that he wore, and the black neck-cloth. His coat was the black frock, which well befitted his great height,—he was above six feet,—but it struck me at once that he was as nearly unconscious of such things as clothes, as a man can be.

I cannot say, of course, just how much of Dr. Hale's personal appearance impressed itself upon me, during the brief instant that I stood confronting him, before our hands met. Very likely my analysis was less particular than the description I have given you. But as matters turned out, I had time to study him at leisure.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Perkins." These were his words of greeting; and they were so hearty that I had no choice but to believe him. "Any man that is a friend of my dear friend William Silsbee is welcome to my house. Will you step into my office, Mr. Perkins?"

The office was in his library. A great room, piled with books to the ceiling, or nearly so; with tables and desks and chairs all stacked with books, everything bespeaking the man of letters, and everything in a confusion that would have been a torment to me, had I had to work in the midst of it; such was the library. As I found time to look about me, I discovered classic busts and portraits of distinguished people and prints and photographs of noted places which the owner of the library had visited in his numerous and wide journeyings. But this observation came later.

Dr. Hale cleared a chair of its burden of books and invited me to sit down. A young woman, his amanuensis, was copying out, at a table, the shorthand notes that she had been taking from his dictation when my call interrupted him. I believe he introduced me to her. Then, as though he had no other business in the world for the next half-hour than to attend to me, Dr. Hale inquired into the interests that had drawn me to Boston. He discovered, of course, that I loved books, that I had a passion for history; above all, that I was a Unitarian, home-made and faith-lonely, and anxious to see as much of Unitarianism in the flesh as was possible in a visit of a few brief days.

"Well, what had I seen of Boston?" I told him I had seen the old South Church, the old State House, and Faneuil Hall, and spent some time examining the antiquities and historical relics contained in those famous buildings. Also I had visited Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, to look upon Channing's grave. Also I had been over to Charlestown and climbed the tall, granite monument on Bunker Hill. Mainly, what I had seen had been the outside of these things, except in the case of the three ancient buildings I have mentioned, which were open to the public.

"Well, now, would you like to visit the Massachusetts Historical Society?" "Indeed I would," I replied. "And the Art Museum, and the Public Library?" "I should be delighted." So he wrote for me notes of introduction. "And now, you will stay and take luncheon with me, of course; and after luncheon I am going downtown, and if you like, we will look up some places of interest to a stranger."

I staid to luncheon; met Mrs. Hale, whose family name was Perkins, and whose mother was sister to Dr. Lyman Beecher, making her a cousin to all the wonderful Beechers, Henry Ward, Thomas K., Isabella Beecher Hooker, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the rest. Two or three of the six children were at home, Edward Everett Hale, Jr., among them, whom I came afterwards to know intimately during the two years that he spent in Iowa City as Professor of English literature at the Iowa State University.

Luncheon over, we took the horse car for Boston and went first to the rooms of the American Unitarian Association, where Dr. Hale had some business, and where I was introduced to my first group of Unitarian ministers. As we were leaving that sacred (!) place, Dr. Hale inquired, "How would you like to call on Edwin Booth?" You may imagine my delight at the prospect of meeting the great actor. He was staying at the Parker House, and thither we bent our footsteps. Dr. Hale sent up his card, "E. E. Hale," writing after his own name, "and a friend." But Booth was out, and so I lost the only chance that ever was mine to see the greatest tragedian of the American stage. We walked through School Street to Washington, passing the statues of Benjamin Franklin and Josiah Quincy, which stand, one at the right and the other at the left of the broad walk leading up to the entrance of the City Hall. And he called my attention, I remember, to the constrast in the expression of the sides of Franklin's face. "This view shows Franklin, the philanthropic statesman," he said, as we looked at the statue from one side. Then, stepping across the greensward to get the other view, "This side of the face shows Franklin's shrewd humor." And it was even as he declared.

But I must abbreviate these memories or I shall arrive nowhere. The main purpose of them is to show how generous of his time was that great man, who probably had more matters calling for his attention than any other man, possibly excepting the President of the United States. I was in Boston perhaps ten days after making Dr. Hale's acquaintance. He saw, I suppose, that I was appreciative of his courtesies and that I enjoyed his conversation and his home and books. I was staying at the United States Hotel, in Beach street. He found me a delightful boarding place just around the corner from 39 Highland street, and invited me to spend just as much of my time as I cared to at his house and to make myself at home in the library.

The whole house was full of books, I discovered, as I went about it. In addition to his own great collection, he had in the house the large library of his brother, Hon. Charles Hale, formerly U. S. Consul

in Egypt. This library was being prepared for cataloguing, and seeing in that work something in which I might make myself a bit useful, I employed some of my time in assisting to arrange some of the volumes. I could write shorthand and did a little work for my kind host in that line, taking notes from his dictation while the amanuensis was busy at other matters.

And during the time that I was thus practically an inmate of the Hale household, these incidents, all pleasant to my memory, occurred. I do not pretend to name them in order.

The four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther was being observed among Protestants the world over, and of course so scholarly a community as Boston would make much of it. There was a great meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society one afternoon, in the beautiful Arlington St. (Unitarian) Church, with an oration by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Dr. Hale had another engagement for the hour and could not attend; but he wrote on a card and gave to me, "Please give the bearer, Mr. Perkins, a seat. He is of my party. E. E. Hale."

After presenting that card at the church door, I asked to have it back; and it is somewhere now, in my secretary. At the Arlington St. Church meeting, I first saw and heard Phillips Brooks. He made the prayer preceding the oration. And the noted Episcopalian divine won my heart at once, by referring to Dr. Channing as "Our great American Preacher." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was pointed out to me in the audience.

In the evening of that day there was a meeting of the famous Unitarian Club, with a dinner in the great dining hall of the Hotel Vendome. Thither I went with Dr. Hale, where speeches were made, with Luther and the Reformation as subjects, by him, James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Hedge and Dr. Charles Carroll Everett of Harvard. I took Mr. Hale's speech down in shorthand, and the next day went over to Cambridge to Dr. Everett's and took his speech, repeated by him as he strode up and down in his library. The addresses were all printed and I still have a copy of the pamphlet which they made.

One of the days that we were downtown together, Dr. Hale took me to the scene of the Boston Massacre. He pointed out the way the British soldiers marched up to quell the patriot mob, showed where they stood in the street while the patriots jeered at and taunted them, calling them such pleasant names as "d——d red-coats" and "lobster-backs," finally hurling stones into their ranks until the exasperated soldiers, who, after all, were not to blame for being there and were simply obeying orders, leveled their muskets and fired into the crowd.

On the evening of one busy day, Dr. Hale had a wedding in his church. It was a "society" wedding and there was a great crowd present. I remember the long line of private carriages extending up and down the street, made visible by the flickering gas lamps, as he and I emerged together; the gentlemen calling out their names, for the information of coachmen, and the Doctor's voice, big, like his stature, shouting "Hale!" "Hale!" until his carriage drove up.

Getting in, we drove to the home of Judge Wells, in, I think, Commonwealth avenue, where was a meeting of the Round Table Club, a literary society of which Thomas Wentworth Higginson was president. Mr. Higginson was speaking, as we entered the parlors, late, by reason of the wedding.

On Sunday, I heard Mr. Hale preach in his own church. The South Congregational Church stood in Union Park street. It was a big, plain, brick structure, but with little ornamentation, well provided with the needed social rooms and modern accessories, and it had a very distinguished congregation. Dr. Hale followed the old custom of wearing, in the pulpit, a black silk gown. Most of the Boston Unitarian ministers paid that deference to a custom of the past.

Though Dr. Hale was a very decided Unitarian, the name was not a part of the title of his church, which was, as just mentioned, the South Congregational Church. He was a broad churchman and looked forward to the time when Unitarians and Trinitarians should be one reunited body.

This is as good a place as any to speak of the Puritan and democratic character, convictions and tastes of Dr. Hale. By all his family history and traditions, he should have been an aristocrat. The best blood of New England flowed in his veins. His father, Nathan Hale, was nephew to the young patriot, Captain Nathan Hale, who was executed by the British in the Revolution as a spy, whose last words, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country," are known to every school boy and school girl (or ought to be, if they are not). In spite of his lineage, however, Dr. Hale was the most democratic of men. His indifference to the matter of clothes, I have already referred to. I recall seeing him, with his lifelong friend, Senator Hoar, on the platform together, at a Unitarian Conference in Saratoga Springs. Senator Hoar was President of the Conference. It was in late September and light overcoats were comfortable. The Senator wore a faded overcoat, about three inches shorter than the black frock coat under it, which hung below the overcoat in a way to be amusing. Hale's dress was, as usual, entirely unstudied. By and by Senator Hoar rose from his seat, removed his overcoast and spread it over his knees. Clothes were to him as secondary a concern as they were to Mr. Hale. Mr. Hale always wore, when I knew him, a low-crowned, soft felt hat, with a somewhat broad brim. And on the street his invariable companion was a hand satchel, stuffed with papers on subjects of interest and importance.

The kindness that he showed to me was not exceptional. His whole life was marked with friendly deeds.

But I was speaking about his church. Some years ago, the South Congregational and the Hollis St. Churches united. The vicinity of the former edifice had been invaded by business, and the Hollis St. Society had built a costly and luxurious new church in Exeter street, in the Back Bay district. On the union of the two societies, the name South Congregational Church was continued, Hollis St. Church giving up its name. Dr. Hale never felt quite at home in the costly and elaborate new church. He didn't like stained glass windows or anything in the way of ecclesiastical display. His tastes were all for plainness. But I think it was more than a matter of taste. Luxury removes from the common people and Dr. Hale believed in the people: all the people, poor and rich, low and high.

One of my memories is of a visit made with him to the office of the Boston Associated Charities; of the roomful of unemployed, discouraged looking men, and of his conferences with the secretary regarding work for the unemployed. He was not the only man in Boston with large heart and quick sympathies and eagerness to help the helpless; but he was the one man most fertile in inspiration of helpfulness who developed into practical help.

I suppose there were no poor in his congregation. But if it was made up of people of means and influence, they heard from their minister the gospel of the stweardship of wealth, and of the obligation of every man and every woman, of whatsoever rank or degree, to serve. The motto of his church, chosen by himself and printed on his letter heads, is "That they may have life more abundantly," a noble phrase from the gospel according to John. And faithfully did he strive to be himself, as a shepherd of Christ's flock, a communicator to others of that more abundant life which he himself received from God through his tireless work in behalf of his fellowmen. For himself, he made the words, "Lord, here am I; send me!" the watchword of the days and years. And he lived the watchword.

In course of time, I myself became a minister; and after a three years' pastorate in Clifton Springs, N. Y., was called to the Second Church in Athol, Mass. Once during my Clifton Springs pastorate, I had a brief visit with Dr. Hale. I was invited to preach for a Sunday in Salem and wrote to my friend that I should be in Boston on a certain day. He replied at once, saying that on that day he would be at Harvard University and asking me to call upon him at the rooms in the ancient gambrel-roofed house in which Dr. Holmes was born, which were set apart for the use of the various distinguished clergymen who officiate by invitation as University preachers. My daughter Ethel, then ten years old, was my companion on that eastern journey. We spent several days in New York City and then went over to Boston. At the hour named in Dr. Hale's letter we presented ourselves at the Preachers' Office in the old Holmes house and met with a genuine Hale welcome. Of course we must go out to Highland Street, and take luncheon with the family. And so, next day, we dined. And after luncheon, Dr. Hale, saying that there was a sort of high day at the Roxbury High School, and that he was down for a little speech, asked us if we would like to go. We accompanied him. There were many visitors present, and among them a pleasant-faced, grey-haired gentleman, in whose honor, after the exercises were over, an impromptu reception was held. The pleasant-faced, gray-haired gentleman was Rev. Dr. Samuel F. Smith, a noted Baptist preacher and scholar, but noted above all else, as the author of our glorious national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee." Dr. Hale did the introducing. And after I had been introduced, I said, "Dr. Smith, this is my little daughter." And then, to Ethel, "Ethel, this is Doctor Samuel F. Smith, who wrote 'My country, 'tis of thee.'"

And the dear old man, holding out his hand to the little girl, said, as he grasped her tiny one, "Yes, my little maid; and this is the hand with which I wrote it!"

I never sing, or hear sung, our immortal hymn, that that scene in the Roxbury High School does not instantly rise before my memory: the two grand men standing there, and my little maid, ah me! four years and more now, in the same heaven-country with the writer of this hymn,—my little maid, half-scared at the honor thrust upon her, with her little hand in his!

As I said, I passed as minister, from Clifton to Athol.

I hold in my hand the time-stained sheet which contains the order of services at my installation, twenty-one years ago, almost to a day. The program bears the date, Friday evening, June 29, 1888. The sermon of installation was preached by Dr. Hale, and here is his hastily written note, announcing his coming to perform that service:

Dear Mr. Perkins:

I have your note, and will report at Athol as you propose. Is there to be a council? I suppose the train is the Fitchburg.

Truly yours,

Roxbury, June 18, 1888. E. E. Hale.

Four years passed and I was called to Iowa City. In 1895 Dr. Hale was on the program of the University Lecture Course, and came from Boston to deliver in the opera house a lecture embodying his recollections of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He remained over Sunday, purposely to preach for me. And when we shook hands at the door of the church it was for the last time.

He was Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem" made flesh, was Edward Everett Hale: "one who loved his fellowmen." I might go on for an hour, for I think of so many, many things I should like to say of him; but I will stop right here, only repeating, to close, the words of Harry Wadsworth's motto, in "Ten Times One is Ten," commending them to you, as I re-commend them to myself, as the substance of the Christian's privilege and duty:

"To look up and not down;
To look out and not in;
To look forward and not back,
And to lend a hand."

An Association for Neighborliness

Organizing Village Interests at Tamalpais Centre.

The people of Marin county, across the bay from San Francisco, are organizing enthusiastically an association to promote neighborliness. They call the association Tamalpais Centre, and they plan that from it shall radiate the community social life, children's playground associations, clubs for the study of botany, music, art, theatricals—in short, that the part of life in Marin county which everybody can enjoy together better than they can enjoy it privately, shall be sympathetically fostered and organized by the people themselves through the medium of this parent supporting body. This is a community movement, and it has taken hold of the imagination of all the people in a most encouraging way. The association will soon be formally launched, with a membership of about 1,000. The plan is that the membership fees shall support all the activities of the association, but that these fees shall be so graduated that everybody may share in the benefits of membership.

A clear idea of the purpose of the association is expressed in the letter of the trustees inviting the Rev. Ernest Bradley to accept the post of executive head. The letter says:

"Tamalpais Centre, as you know, has been established to meet the social needs of our time and place. It must be a centre of neighborliness wherein all of us working together may more fully enjoy the life granted each of us. It is destined to mean opportunity for rest, recreation and instruction for men, women and children.

"Our community is composed of people of all creeds and of no creeds. Any recognition of denominationalism in our work would destroy the possibility of each of us being able to claim the Centre as his own.

"We must have a library and reading room; we need civic and literary clubs; the boys and girls must be assisted to organize their amusements, and they need chances for study of subjects not included in

the school course, such as manual training, domestic science, natural history and the arts. We hope for good lectures and good music and must provide a platform for the expression of honest thought."

Tamalpais Centre is the result of the interest and gifts of Mrs. A. E. Kent of Kentfield, Marin county. Twenty-nine acres of land eminently suited for the work were presented to the community on May Day, and over 4,000 enthusiastic citizens gathered to show their appreciation of the gift, and to organize for future developments. At this May Day fete the Marin Stadium Association provided the games and races, and the event was considered a red letter day in the annals of Marin county.

Tamalpais Centre is what the name indicates. Situated at the base of Mt. Tamalpais, the idea is to create a community of fellowship and interest in all the things which go to build up a healthy body, a healthy mind, and healthy citizenship. The land will be set out with baseball diamonds, handball courts, tennis courts, a swimming tank, a racetrack, and buildings for clubs, public hall, and gymnasium. It is an attempt to solve the problem of the village community; to make life worth living for those who want to live as they should live, and to realize that "there are others."

The Rev. Ernest Bradley, the Associate Rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, has been asked to be the executive head of the institution. When seen about it Mr. Bradley was very enthusiastic. There is no work he would rather do than this kind of work, and there is no place he would rather work than Marin county, which he considers peculiarly adapted to just the work the executive committee have in mind. Tamalpais Centre is situated in the midst of a number of small towns within walking distance of each other, and on the same line of railway. To get to the Centre will not require any more trouble than it takes to get down town in a larger place, and not as much in some instances. Besides this matter of distance, there is ample breathing space, mountam, forest, and seashore; in short one of the beauty spots of the world. In the course of a few years there will be a big population about the Centre, and by that time it will more than have shown the wisdom and vision of the donors and workers.

Mr. Bradley goes to Chicago at once to study at Chicago Commons and other centres, and to make investigations especially along the line of playgrounds. In the meantime the land is being prepared and a building erected which will contain a hall for public gatherings, concerts and lectures, club rooms, etc. Mr. Bradley will return in September and complete the work of organization. Various clubs will be organized for boys and girls, and for men and women of an athletic and literary character.

Along the line of athletics the Marin Stadium Association is already doing some good work, and is full of enthusiasm for the future. The whole thing is to be community interest and development based upon play, the improvement of mind and body, a working interest in arts, civics, and moral questions, and the wholesale religion of neighborliness. The fact that Mr. Bradley is connected with the Episcopal Church will have no bearing on his position as the executive head whatever. The work will be absolutely without caste, creed or politics except as these things have to do with the broadest outlook upon life, and the building up of healthy bodies and healthy minds. It is a centre for every man, where every man can be a brother and work for the good of the whole.

And most admirable is the democratic character of the plan. This is the people's own movement. They are organizing it, their enthusiasm and energy will carry it through, and its benefits are for the enjoyment of all. No better method has been devised to foster community interest and friendliness and intellectual alertness. No better practice in the elementary functions of organized life seems visible than this democratic community organization to promote the welfare and the happiness of all. The value of this discipline in independence and community team-work will be inestimable to the growing citizens who are now the boys and girls of Marin county.

BORN DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

A flower-soft hand once took my own—
  That touch I never shall forget!
A strange voice spoke—so strange a tone
  Mine ear had never met.

It said, "Come see my garden.—Come!"
  (The flower-soft fingers closer twined)
The voice of one born deaf and dumb,
  The touch of one born blind!

They thrilled me so, the tears came fast;
  But in glad haste she led the way;
Through hall and open door we passed
  Into a garden gay.

Her share was but a little space,
  It bloomed with pansies dark and bright;
And each looked up with elfin grace,
  As though to win her sight.

She smiled—the pansy-faces smiled
  Through tears—or was it morning dew?
Down knelt the dear and dumb, blind child;
  "I do—give—all—to—you!"

I could not stay those fingers swift,
  She plucked me all the flowers she had!
I never shall have any gift
  So sweet as this,—so sad!

—*Edith M. Thomas in Children of Christmas.*

Book Notes

I am delighted to find on my table *The Hibbard Journal,* kindly sent me by the publishers, Sherman, French and Company of Boston. I have had time only to read "Islam, the Religion of Common Sense"; also the "Social Conscience of the Future"; but if the rest of the number for April is equal to these two articles it will be a most welcome addition to my magazines. (I have just taken time to read "Credo," the opening article, and it is one of the most satisfactory discussions of the creed question that I have ever met. It is grand. I am glad that it has no signature. I do not wish to know who wrote it. It can stand alone as a great creation.)

The American *Review of Reviews* in its June number gives us some good material on the Alaska Exposition. We must keep acquainted with these Western States or some day we shall be drifting apart. *Outing* for June is a glorious number. This magazine, which had become largely a sporting affair, has been brought back, by wise management, to assume its place at the head of American out-door magazines. The new editorial management is admirable, and the magazine is not suffering at all from the financial difficulties of the Outing Publishing Company.

E. P. P.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. OSBORNE E. D. MARTIN PAYSON S. WILD

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE SAFE AND SANITARY $1,000 HOUSE.

There is being completed in one of the suburbs of Washington a washable, germ-proof, concrete house of five rooms, for workingmen, which will cost only $1,000. It is built on the plan which was awarded the gold medal by the International Tuberculosis Congress, for the house best adapted for people suffering from consumption.

But the requirements—cleanliness, light, and air—of a house for consumptives are also equally valuable in a house for well people to keep them from contracting, not only consumption, but the many other diseases which follow dirt, darkness, and foul air. Preparations are being made in twenty different cities for the building of these model houses. The Standard Oil Company is going to use the germ-proof houses in its model town at Bayonne, N. J.

These houses, besides being cheap and clean, have many advantages which will add to the safety and pleasure of their tenants.

The floors of the model house are made of a soft, waterproof material. They will have a slight slope to one side, where a pipe is placed to carry off water when they are flushed. There is not a square corner in the house. Where the walls and floors intersect, the connection is rounded and affords no lurking place for dirt or germs. There are no narrow spaces in which a broom may not easily enter.

Window and door frames and picture mouldings will be of metal, and set flush with the walls, and there will be no paper on the walls—nothing to prevent the owner from moving the furniture and rugs out of a room and cleaning it with a scrubbing-brush and a hose. A substantial sink is built into one corner of the kitchen with a water-tight partition so that it can be divided into two tubs for washing and rinsing clothes, or left as a single tub for bathing. A smaller sheet-iron sink for such purposes as dish-washing may be attached.

The combination gas-range stove and furnace built into the house serves a better purpose than the ordinary stove. It is protected on the outside by a cement jacket, which prevents its radiating its heat and overheating the kitchen. Its second purpose is to heat the rest of the house. Between the stove proper and the cement jacket are air chambers from which hot air is sent to the other rooms. The ashes from the stove drop automatically into a pan which may be reached by the garbage man from the outside without any attention from the housewife. Or gas may be used instead of coal.

The ice-chest, also, is built into the house. It has doors opening on to the back porch, and through these ice may be put from the outside in summer. In winter, the outside doors may be opened and the ice-box converted into a cold air-chamber protected on the outside by screens but still accessible from the kitchen. The contents may be taken out at any time and the whole thing flushed with a hose. The garbage can is also kept in a chamber in the wall and may be reached by the garbage man from the outside or the housewife from the inside.

There are fireplaces throughout the house and these serve as ventilators. The arrangement is such that the smoke passes up a central pipe that is enclosed in an air-chamber. The air in this latter becomes heated from contact with the hot pipe and rises. In this way it draws the bad air from the room and the current is kept going. The coal for all the fires is hoisted to the roof by a simple chain-block and dumped through a coal-hole into a large pocket from which it distributes itself automatically, and the housewife may feed any fire by pulling a lever.

All these unusual conveniences are included in the simplest form of house, that which costs $1,000 after the molds are made. This house could not be set on fire under any circumstances. There is no need of insurance; there is no portion of it that is at all affected by the passing of time, except that the walls grow harder; there are none of the ordinary repairs such as painting or papering. Its walls and its floors are impervious to the attacks of any germ or insect. It is the cleanest structure on earth and the simplest in proportion to its efficiency.

The individual cannot build one of these houses for himself with any great degree of economy, for to do so he must construct his plant, and make the molds in which it is cast. But to a company building many houses to lease, or to a manufacturing company caring for its employees, the concrete house offers a cheap, sanitary, and non-destructible solution for the better housing of the workingman. —*The World's Work.*

NOW AND HERE.

Any soul may rise to be
A new saviour to the race;
Every man and woman fills,
Well or ill, a prophet's place.

In our Now and Here lies hid,
All of wealth and all of power;
From the promise of today
Bursts tomorrow's beauteous flower.

Every deed of solid worth
Helps the world to find its place;
Every life of homely truth
Raises higher all the race.

Let us thitherward aspire,
Take whate'er we find to do,
Making life what life should be—
Something liberal, earnest, true!

—*Woman's Journal.*

ESTABLISHED 38 YEARS

Athenaeum Business College

ADVISORY BOARD
Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL.D. Bishop of Reformed Episcopal Ch.
Thomas Estill Commissioner Salvation Army for the Western States
Rev. Abraham Hirschberg Secretary of the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago
Rev. George W. Gray, D. D.
Charles A. Brillow President Wabash Valley Coal Co.
James W. Howell, Attorney
W. D. Peck, B. A., Principal
Samuel B. Willey, LL. B., President

The School of Quality

18 to 26 VAN BUREN STREET
Near Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO

Phone Harrison 1110

DEPARTMENTS
1. Shorthand and Typewriting
2. Commercial
3. Preparatory
4. Teachers' Review
5. Railroad Freight Rates

TUITION RATES
$10 Per Month Payable In Advance
Night School, $4 Per Month

40 Thousand Graduates

Young people qualified in our Shorthand and Business departments in the shortest possible time for positions that pay at once from $25 to $60 per month. Individual instruction. Enter at any time. Day and night sessions. Call, write, or phone Harrison 1110 for catalogue. Positions for graduates. 38 years of uninterrupted success.

The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1909

For those who are looking for a quiet, restful place to spend vacation months

The Plant: The Tower Hill Pleasure Company owns a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, an adequate reservoir, which is piped to the various buildings and supplied with the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, which yields scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, orthinologist, etc. A well tilled garden, and an adequate dairy, in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones Farm, supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company have been sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains seventeen (17) such cottages.

Expenses: The expenses of the Encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouses rentals.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature with a few master minds and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impediments; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose continuous support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this school from the beginning has been;

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the student to carry the result of his studies into Sunday-school and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The Conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the sixth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

Class in Religion—

1. The Origin and Organization of the Early Church.
2. The Persecutions.
3. The Mingling of Greek, Roman and Christian Elements.
4. Constantine and Julian. 311-363.
5. Jerome. 340 (?)-420.
6. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
7. St. Benedict. 480-543.
8. Monks and Missions in the West.
9. Gregory I. (The Great). 540 (?)-604.
10. Mohammed. 570-632.
11. Charlemagne. 742-814.

12. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
13. The Conversion of the Slav, St. Stephen.
14. Hildebrand, 1020 (?)-1085.
15. Abelard, 1079-1142.
16. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
17. Feudalism and Chivalry: The Real and the Ideal.
18. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
19. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226. The Coming of the Friars.
20. Cathedral Building.
21. The Rise of the Universities.
22. Dante. 1265-1321.
23. The Black Death and its Effects.
24. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
25. The Fore-runners of the Reformation. 1380 (?)-1471, Wesel (1420-89.)
26. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
27. The Great Renaissance.
28. Savonarola. (1452-1498.)
29. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
30. More's "Utopia." 1516.

REFERENCES.

For full analysis and detailed references in the field at large, the syllabus issued by Professor Thompson of the University of Chicago, entitled "Reference Studies in Mediæval History" (50c), a pamphlet of 130 pages, is specially recommended, and it is hoped that a copy of this exhaustive index to English sources will be in the hands of each student. The Growth of Christianity," by Joseph Henry Crooker, is a little hand-book prepared in 1897 for this particular course and was published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society (30c); Robinson's History of Western Europe, and the same author's "Readings in European History," The Middle Ages (Ginn & Co.), are excellent guides; Munro and Sellery's "Mediæval Civilization" (Century Co.), and Adams' "Civilization During the Middle Ages" (Scribners), are highly recommended. Fuller reference list supplied on application.

Studies in Religion—Seven Years' Course

These studies were inaugurated at Tower Hill and have been continued throughout its twenty years' work. First year, "Beginnings, or the Cradle Life of the Soul;" second year, "Religions of the Elder World;" third year, "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion;" fourth year. "The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World;" fifth year, "The New Testament, The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" sixth year, "The Growth of Christianity;" seventh year, "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion; from Erasmus to Emerson."

Dates and Prices

Tower Hill Encampment, July 1-September 20; Tower Hill Summer School, July 25-August 22; Woman's Congress, August 20, 21, 22.

Board at the dining room is furnished at five dollars ($5.00) a week; room in Long Houses, with double bed, $3 per week. For the season there are always some cottages that can be rented, but applications should be made early. So far as the capacity of the laundry permits washing will be done at usual schedule rates. Transportation between R. R. station and the Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises and similar packages, 15 cents. Round trip from the Hill to station and return, when seats can be spared in the buckboard, 25 cents. Teams for special trips and rides, carrying six (6) passengers, can be ordered at any time from Spring Green livery at the rate of a dollar an hour. Registration fee for Summer School, five dollars ($5), including all classes and evening lectures. Family tickets, seven dollars ($7); single admission, 25 cents.

General Information

Spring Green is the freight, express and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago. Day passenger trains during the Encampment season will stop at Helena (flag station) three miles east of Spring Green shortening the distance and with better roads. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train. If you desire to get off at Helena notify conductor. A livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice.

During the season mail should be addressed to Tower Hill, Wis.

Some New Books

For Sale At

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT:
MASTER DIVER
By F. Hopkinson Smith
12mo.; 76 pp.; 60 cents net; by mail 66 cents. Vol. V, "True American Types" Series.

SOME MEMORIES By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 248 pp.; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35.

THE SEA OF FAITH By Milton Reed
12mo.; 111 pp.; 80 cents net; by mail, 87 cents.

THE HIGHER SACRIFICE
BY DAVID STARR JORDAN
12mo.; 54 pp. 80 cents net; by mail, 86 cents.

PAUL By W. Wrede
12mo.; 163 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.09. (Extract is taken from the Preface.)

SONS OF THE PURITANS
By Various Authors
12mo.; 244 pp.; $1.50 net; by mail, $1.60. Sketches of George Frisbie Hoar, by Francis C. Lowell; Morrill Wyman, by Henry P. Walcott; Horace Gray, by Ezra Ripley Thayer; Charles Franklin Dunbar, by Charles W. Eliot; Phillips Brooks, by Charles Carroll Everett; Francis Channing Barlow, by Edwin H. Abbot; Henry Sturgis Russell, by John T. Morse, Jr.; Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence; William Eustis Russell, by Charles Eliot Norton; Charles Eliot, by William R. Thayer; William Henry Baldwin, Jr. by George R. Nutter. Illustrated with eleven portraits. (Extract is taken from the Introduction.)

THE CHURCH OF TODAY
By Joseph H. Crooker
12mo.; 177 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 82 cents.

A BOOK OF PRAYERS
By Charles Gordon Ames
12mo.; 36 pp.; $1.50 net in cloth; $2.50 net in leather; postage, 10 cents additional.

THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE, AND ITS PLACE AMONG SACRED BOOKS By J. T. Sunderland
12mo.; 325 pp.; $1.20 net; by mail, $1.33

MIRACLES AND MYTHS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT By Joseph May
12mo.; 191 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.06.

THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 50 cents net; by mail, 56 cents.

WHERE THE LIGHT DWELLETH
By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 283 pp.; $1.40 net; by mail, $1.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 81 cents.

All the books you want, at the prices you have a right to secure. Call or write to

The Lincoln Centre Shop
209 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

MARYLAND HOTEL, 157 OAKWOOD BOULEVARD
One Block from Lincoln Center
Delightful Summer Home. Fine Table. Special Rates to Students.
Phone Douglas 3345.

BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136
Fine Residence Work Especially
Electricians and Locksmiths
3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

1902 ONE WAGON 1908 12 WAGONS
Our Plant is the Best Equipped on the South Side
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of Laundry Work
PROMPT SERVICE OUR MOTTO
BISSELL LAUNDRY
231-233-235 39th Street Telephone Douglas 1003

Bowman Dairy Company
Milk bottled in the country
Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston · Chicago · *Oak Park*

In the summertime, pure rich milk and cream are most important, and hardest to get.
Wanzer's Germ-no Milk and **Wanzer's Delicious Cream** are guaranteed pure. Always fresh. Cost no more. Order today your milk and cream of
SIDNEY WANZER & SONS
305-307 E. 30th St. Phone Douglas 817
6313-6315 Kimbark Ave. Phone Hyde Park 207

Don't Pay Fancy Prices for Butter

BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
Is better than the best and goes twice as far.

So called cheap butter at all, but BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is absolutely reliable, pure and wholesome. It is made of pure ground Spanish Peanuts, grown in America, and the best in the world. Come and see it made. Hundreds of dainty dishes are made from it.

Try It Free Write today for Free Sample Jar. We will send it by return mail together with our But-O-Nut Cook Book which is full of valuable recipes. Write today.

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.
214-216 S. Water St., Chicago

4647 Grand Boulevard
Phone Oakland 319

MUIR
CHICAGO
ESTABLISHED 1865

Flowers
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

3530 Michigan Avenue
Phone Douglas 319-538

Please say you saw it in UNITY

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 1298
Main Office and Storage Yards
1023 to 31 Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR
By Charles R. Cooper,
Late 67th Ohio V. V.
CHRONOLOGICAL AND ALPHABETICAL RECORD OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.
With a rare Frontispiece of Lincoln. Royal octavo, bound in blue cloth, gold-lettered back, white-lettered side, bevelled boards,, sprinkled edges.
Price, Five Dollars.
THE CAXTON PRESS,
255 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

PROCTOR ACADEMY
Andover, New Hampshire
A Unitarian School for both sexes. Tuition and Board $250 a year. Courses in Business and Domestic Science. College Certificate. New Gymnasium. New Separate Dormitories.
Principal, Andover, New Hampshire

Stamping Embroidery
WENTWORTH
WOMAN'S EXCHANGE
4331 Wentworth Ave.
Preserved Fruits Stenciling

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

Oakland 51 Drexel 5654
ADAMS BROS. GARAGE
171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.
All the Latest Improvements for the Care of Electric and Gasoline Vehicles
Storage Charging Repairing
Supplies for Sale

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings Grove, Ill.
DOWD PURE MILK CO.
4326-34 WABASH AVE.
Phone Oakland 474
Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country
OUR MOTTO:
Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery

The Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pa.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalogue address The Registrar, Meadville, Theological School

LINCOLN CENTRE LEAVES.

Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

1. The New Year. Horatio N. Powers.
2. Nature's Ministries (To a shut-in). Evelyn H. Walker.
3. Many Dear Things of His Providence. W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of All Bright Things (To a young girl). Evelyn H. Walker.
5. From Wishing-Land (Wishes for her birthday). Robert Louis Stevenson.
6. Sunset and Afterglow (To one in the afternon of life). Evelyn H. Walker.
7. They May Not Need Me, Yet They Might. Emily Dickinson.
8. Flower Messengers (With a gift of flowers). Evelyn H. Walker.
9. Not by Appointment Do We Meet Delight and Joy. Gerald Massey.
10. May Sun and Moon and Little Stars. Evelyn H. Walker.
11. A Thought for a Friend. Dinah Muloch Craik.
12. For a Marriage Day. Gerald Massey.
13. A Rosary (For lovers or friends). Owen Innsley.
14. The Assurance of Things Not Seen (For Easter). Evelyn H. Walker.
15. Behold a Friend. D. M.
16. Surprise (On immortality). Maltbie Babcock.
17. The Mothers. William C. Gannett.
18. The Little New Daughter.
19. A Christmas Wish. Evelyn H. Walker.

Plain, each ..... .05
Hand colored ..... .12
One dozen in box (your choice), postpaid $1.50

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
'Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

To Unity Readers

Through your loyalty and faithful support in the past UNITY has built up a circulation that makes it a factor in your community.

We have not so far placed before you, nor will we at any time print, any advertisement that we cannot unconditionally endorse and guarantee to you.

To keep faith with our readers and with ourselves we annually refuse substantial amounts of money for advertisements which are eagerly sought for and published by many journals which seek to occupy the same or similar fields as UNITY.

We are therefore asking you to help us to get the best advertisers to start using the columns of UNITY and continue to do so, by your patronage of them from time to time.

We want you to choose for yourselves, from classification below, which of the advertisers using local mediums which for some reason we have overlooked or find them discriminating against UNITY, and who you think should avail themselves of the advertising columns of UNITY.

We ask your kind coöperation in this matter; please sign name and address to your list, which of course will not be used for publication.

Make selections from following classifications:

Men's and Boy's Clothing and Furnishing Goods	
Dry Goods	Women's Clothing
Watches and Jewelry	Automobiles
Taxicabs	Fire or Life Insurance
Banking or Bonds	Household or Office Furniture
Stoves and Heaters	Pianos and Musical Instruments
Milk, Cream, Butter or Eggs	Coal
Photography	Furriers

Plumbing, Painting and Paper Hanging
Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes
Women's Apparel, Millinery, Etc.

Quiet Tabulating

There's one good thing about the Underwood you'll be glad to know if you have tabular work to be transcribed in typewriting: —its tabulating attachment moves the carriage to the right point quickly and without jar—without startling the clerk and making the whole office jump. Then the visible writing of the

UNDERWOOD
STANDARD
Typewriter

gives immediate assurance of correct work. In making out bills, statements, comparative records, the tabulating device assures correct alignment in decimal columns—unit under unit, tens under tens, and so on.

The purpose of the tabulating device, the visible writing and other valuable features of the Underwood is to save time, trouble and money in your office and promote efficiency. You ought then to be glad to know all about them. Suppose you call in. Our man will help—not bother you.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
ANYWHERE